

# The Musical World.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

Terms of Subscription, per Annum, 16s.; Half year, 8s.; Three Months, 4s.; (Stamped Copies 1s. per Quarter extra Payable in advance, to be forwarded by Money Order, to the Publishers, Myers & Co., 22, Tavistock-st., Covent Garden.

No. 7.—VOL. XXX.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1852.

Price Fourpence.  
Stamped Fivepence.

## LORENZO DI MONTEMERLI.

LORENZO DI MONTEMERLI is the last scion of one of the highest families in Italy, whose nobility was due to patriotic services and great actions. Their once enormous wealth diminished gradually under successive governments and political changes; but, in 1819, when Lorenzo di Montemerli was born, he was heir to a handsome fortune. His father, a distinguished officer in the *grande armée*, destined him from the cradle to follow the career of glory, as he had done before him, and was happy in watching the development of a frank and loyal disposition, a courageous temperament and a quick intelligence, which predicted for young Lorenzo a brilliant and honourable future. Generous, charitable, of a temper at once passionate and gentle, he was beloved by all who surrounded him. An extraordinary aptitude for all that related to art unfolded itself so early and rapidly in Lorenzo that at twelve years of age he was a good musician, a tolerable poet, and an actor of such talent, that he had already, at this period, played with considerable effect the principal characters in some of the finest tragedies of the Italian dramatists. At fourteen he entered the Institute of Cadets, where he studied to great advantage, exciting the emulation of his comrades no less than their attachment. At eighteen he was appointed sub-lieutenant. During the four years between the date of this nomination and that of his quitting the service the life of the young officer (in a time of peace) was as monotonous in Italy as the life of a soldier unemployed must naturally be in every other country. Lorenzo deeply felt its insignificance. Without war the door of advancement remains closed, and the road to distinction is barricaded. A motive which, though just in itself, the ardent imagination of young Lorenzo rendered imperative (an injustice done to his father, then Commandant at Porto-ferraio, in the isle of Elba), decided him on quitting the service, and he forwarded his resignation to the proper authorities.

Thrown upon the world, without employment, Lorenzo began to reflect on his position. Something must be done, and quickly. Some profession must be selected, and followed without delay. What new career should he embrace? He hesitated long—chose and rejected endless projects—when, at length, some of his friends suggested to him that he might turn to good purpose the fine voice with which he was endowed by nature, and the facility he had acquired in his musical studies. Lorenzo caught eagerly at the idea. The artist's life, with its continual shiftings and adventures, opened a

prospect which his mind delighted to contemplate. All appeared laughing, bright, and rose-hued, to his fancy's eye. The "bravos" that, in former years were wont to greet his histrionic attempts, still rang pleasantly in his ear; and he had ever the liveliest remembrance of a certain occasion when he had acted with triumphant success in company with some of the most eminent tragedians of his country, for an object of benevolence. In short, the artistic spirit that had long lain dormant within him once more awoke with augmented strength, and carried away by its influence, he no longer hesitated about the choice of a pursuit.

Lorenzo Montemerli's first professional engagement was with the *impresario*, Lanari. He made his *debut* at Florence—as Alphonso, in Persiani's opera of *Inez di Castro*, with such power, confidence, and success, that every one would have believed him to be an experienced artist, had it not been generally known that, only a month previous, he had voluntarily retired from the army. From Florence he proceeded to Livorno, and afterwards to Pisa, at both of which places he performed in *Torquato Tasso*, *Marino Faliero*, and *Gemma di Vergy*, with continued success. The *impresario* of the St. Carlos Theatre, at Lisbon, being present at one of his representations, proposed an engagement so advantageous, that Lorenzo immediately accepted it, and shortly departed for a strange land, to seek new honours and successes. He arrived at Lisbon in September, 1843, and made his *debut* on the 22nd of October in the Portuguese metropolis in his favourite part of *Torquato Tasso*. His success was immense, as may be gathered from the extract below, which forms part of an article translated from the Lisbon paper, *La Foudre Théâtrale* :—

"In the middle of the evening—or, to speak more correctly, at the end—Torquato Tasso came to relieve us from the *ennui* which had besieged us\*—Torquato Tasso, grand, volcanic, passionate, as, to believe history, the prince of Italian poets really was. Lorenzo di Montemerli was courageous enough to introduce himself to the public in the last act of *Torquato Tasso*. Placing himself above prejudices, tranquil and dignified, he came upon the stage to wrestle with the terrible remembrance of Coletti, and sure that the intelligent audience would allow for the difference between the consummate artist and the young aspirant, who makes his first essays in the dramatic career. What was the result? A double triumph! Honour, then, be rendered to him! Among the bass voices that we have heard, that of Lorenzo is assuredly one of the finest. It may be specialised as a true *bass*

\* In consequence of an indifferent execution of the opera of *Bolivar*, which was the commencement of the evening's performance.—EDITOR.

voice, having the peculiarity of modifying itself with extraordinary facility (like that of Fornasari), so as to execute an *adagio* with suavity, touching the high F without effort, and with the mellow quality of a baritone. The recitatives and the romance were finely sung, and proved that the young artist had studied the pure Italian school. We heard no *fioriture* in bad taste. We heard a correct singer, who felt what the poem and the music were intended to express. It was the finest and most exact representation of the part of Torquato Tasso we have witnessed up to this time. Perhaps it was a little too enthusiastic, but as we have love for artists of genius and talent, we make the apology of Lorenzo de Montemerli, who, to the last *allegro*, left little or nothing to criticise. Were it not that he forced his voice a little in the concluding phrases, we might have pronounced his performance perfect, &c."

Notwithstanding this success, Lorenzo was induced, by intrigues of one kind and another, to quit Lisbon, and direct his steps to Oporto.

(To be continued.)

#### MR. AGUILAR'S SOIREES OF PIANOFORTE MUSIC, FROM THE WORKS OF BEETHOVEN.

The third and last of these intellectual entertainments took place on Tuesday last, at the new Beethoven Rooms. Mr. Aguilar's solo performances were the sonatas in B flat, Op. 22, in E, Op. 90., and in G, Op. 79., all essentially different in character, and the first two especially containing beauties of the very highest order; perhaps the simple, yet deeply expressive, *allegretto* of the Op. 90, is about as near the perfection of melody, and harmony combined, as anything ever imagined; and, although we have already had occasion to praise Mr. Aguilar's truthful rendering of Beethoven's music, we cannot forbear observing with what pure taste and real feeling he played this lovely inspiration. The little sonata, Op. 79, is a curious instance of the versatility of the great composer's genius. The first and last movements, "Presto alla Tedesca," and "Vivace," really abound in genuine mirth, and are well relieved by the quaint little *andante* in G minor. Mr. Aguilar also played with Herr Lutgen, a violoncellist of high merit, the sonata duo, Op. 5, No. 1, in F, which, besides being remarkable for singular breadth of style, is as really brilliant and effective (especially the piano-forte part), as any piece written expressly for display. These four sonatas were pleasantly divided by three vocal pieces—Spohr's "Bright star of night," given with much expression by Mrs. C. S. Wallack; Sterndale Bennett's ever-charming "To Chloe in Sickness," and "Gentle Zephyr," nicely sung by Miss L. Baxter; and lastly, Mendelssohn's two-part song, "I would that my Love," by both ladies. The rooms were even more crowded than at the second *soirée*, and Mr. Aguilar fully maintained his right to rank as one of the best interpreters of Beethoven's music that we possess.

#### M. ALEXANDRE BILLET'S CONCERTS.

(From the Times.)

M. Billet has commenced his third series of performances of classical compositions for the pianoforte, at St. Martin's Hall. No enterprise can be more thoroughly deserving of encouragement than this. Without the smallest sacrifice to what is entitled "popular taste," (with how little reason has

been fully shown), M. Billet comes forward before the public as the champion of a class of music which has been erroneously pronounced out of the reach of general appreciation. The zealous and accomplished "Russian pianist," however, has triumphantly established the fallacy of this doctrine; and the increasing *prestige* attached to his performances, proves, what we have continually maintained—that the best music only requires to be heard to be understood and admired. The *sine qua non* of competent execution is perfectly realised by M. Billet, whose acquaintance with the works of the great pianoforte composers, from Bach to Mendelssohn, is as extensive as his mechanical proficiency is remarkable, and his style comprehensive. It is unnecessary to repeat what has already been advanced more than once in reference to this gentleman's qualifications as a pianist of the highest school. The citation of his opening programme will serve to show the variety of his reading and the amount of his executive acquirement:—

#### PART I.

Grand sonata C major (dedicated to Hummel),	
Op. 24 ... ..	Weber
The Temperaments, Book 2 ... ..	Mendelssohn.
Elegy on the death of Prince Ferdinand of Prussia	Dussek.

#### PART II.

Fantasia di bravura, E flat major, Op. 18 ... ..	Hummel.
Pastorale, G major ... ..	Steibelt.
Toccatto, C minor ... ..	Kalkbrenner.
Scherzo, B minor, Op. 20 ... ..	Chopin.

Although almost every piece in the above selection is enough to have made the reputation of a composer for the pianoforte, scarcely one is ever heard in public. The feature of novelty was, therefore, combined with the other elements of attraction which render the performances of M. Billet worthy the attention of amateurs of good music. The magnificent sonata of Dussek (the *Elegy*), which no other pianist has ventured to introduce in public, made a deep impression and the fairy-like *presto*, in E major, from the *Temperaments* of Mendelssohn (or, rather, the *seven characteristic pieces*—to use the composer's own nomenclature) was encored with enthusiasm. This, and the *finale* to Weber's sonata—*moto perpetuo*—evinced a rapidity of execution, and a lightness and crispness of touch, in which M. Billet has few superiors. The performances were instructive and interesting from first to last, and were listened to with unremitting attention by a numerous audience.

#### MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

#### MR. CHARLES HALLE'S EIGHTH AND LAST CLASSICAL CHAMBER CONCERT. FIFTH SERIES.

##### PROGRAMME.—PART FIRST.

Trio, Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello, (in E, Op. 15, No. 2).	...	Mozart.
Vocal Quartetts.	Der frohe Wandersmann,	Mendelssohn.
	"Ein Fichtenbaum steht einsam."	Hallé.
Grand Sonata, Pianoforte and Violin, (in G, Op. 96).	...	Beethoven.

##### PART SECOND.

Grand Trio, Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello, (in E Flat, Op. 70, No. 2).	...	Beethoven.
Vocal Quartetts.	"Das Meer erglantz weit hinaus."	Hallé.
	Sommerlied ... ..	Mendelssohn.
Sonata, Pianoforte and Violin, (in A)	...	S. Bach.
Miscellaneous Selection, Pianoforte, (E minor)	...	Mendelssohn.

THE last of these delightful re-unions was held on Thursday, the 5th instant, at the Town Hall, King-street, when there was a full muster of subscribers; although not, perhaps, quite so many strangers as there were at the last concert (attracted, as they doubtless were, by the conjunction of three such luminaries as Hallé, Molique, and Piatti.)

On the present occasion the attraction was little, if at all, diminished; for we had Hallé, Molique, and Lidel, added to which, there was a fitting variety and relief given by the kind and voluntary assistance of eight of Hallé's young countrymen—members of the "Manchester Lieder tafel"—who gave two vocal quartetts in each part, the voices being doubles. On the whole, it was as good a concert, or nearly so, as Hallé ever gave. Mozart's trio was a most suitable opening; exhibiting, in a remarkable degree, the closeness with which such men as Hallé, Molique, and Lidel can play together in chamber music of this class. The "andante grazioso" was most delicately—delightfully given; and the trio altogether was a very charming example of Mozart. Beethoven's grand duo sonata, in G—one of his later ones—for violin and piano-forte (Op. 96), was a wonderful display of skill in playing together, by Molique and Hallé. The sonata itself calls for the greatest delicacy in execution to give its intended effect, and it was evidently a labour of love and delight to these two gifted artists to accomplish this. It is, perhaps, the most playful and fanciful of the duo sonatas; the motivi are all very beautiful, and treated as Beethoven alone ever treated such subjects; the allegro, the adagio gliding with a short, fantastic scherzo; and the finale, with its three movements or subjects (the last as merry as a Scottish lilt or Irish jig), are all full of beauty, and were exquisitely played. The grand trio of Beethoven, in B flat (Op. 70, No. 2), is the one which Ernst made such a favourite here during the short series he played with Hallé two years ago. It was finely played with Molique this time; indeed, such a player as Molique must revel in a splendid work like this. Still we missed the fire and energy with which Ernst used to bite out the tones as it were, in the "minuetto," with its elegant soli passages, so melodious! so vocal! The finale is as brilliant as any of those in Beethoven's chamber compositions that we are acquainted with; it is replete with jubilant melodies—leaping, bounding, joyous, as though full to overflowing, and, as we have before said, it is only to be compared, in its fullness of joy, to Beethoven's own finale to Fidelio. Bach's sonata was in strong contrast to this. Here Molique seems at home, as Ernst is more at home in the sentimental school, if we may so term it; Molique is so in the pure-severe school of Bach. The three movements were finely played by him and Hallé. When Hallé came on to play his concluding selection—as usual on the last night of the season he got a special and prolonged round of applause—he gave us two preludes of that extraordinary writer, Chopin, and a Berceuse, by the same, all widely different, and then Mendelssohn's prelude, in E minor, with its arpeggios à la Thalberg.

The eight young Germans of the "Lieder tafel" acquitted themselves to admiration; their vocal quartetts were conducted by Hallé, of course, without any accompaniment. The first was Mendelssohn's "Der frohe Wandersmann;" the second, a "lied" of Hallé's. "Ein Fichtenbaum" (all in German, of course) was sung with such light and shade—such expression—as to be unanimously encored. Those in the second part were by the same composers, in reversed order; the first, by Hallé, "Das Meer;" the second, a "Sommerlied," by

Mendelssohn. Hallé did not appear to much disadvantage as a composer of vocal music, by the side of the gifted Mendelssohn. We do not think Hallé himself could desire higher praise. It is with deep regret that they are over for the present season, that we thus close our notice of Hallé's eighth and last concert. It has been our good fortune to be present at (and our by no means easy task to report on) seven of the eight; we are only sorry we missed one, and that most particularly, because we did not hear Hallé play the Sonata Pathétique. However, we must hope these refining chamber concerts will be renewed another season, and that we may be there to enjoy them. There is one thing we should be glad so see done another season, and that is, that the night should be so arranged at the commencement as never to fall on the first Thursday of the month. There are many members of the Gentlemen's Glee Club who subscribe to Hallé's concerts; and, no doubt, more would do so, if he could avoid clashing with an old established society of 22 years, standing, by fixing his concerts on their nights of meeting. We mention this without further interest in the matter than wishing well to both—having no connexion whatever with the Glee Club; but it must be rather tantalising and vexatious to a subscriber to the Glee Club and to Hallé's Concerts to find, out of the eight, no less than four of each occurring on the same evenings, when they have to make their choice, vocal? or instrumental? fain longing to hear both. Mr. Hallé might easily arrange, so as to avoid this, another season. Meantime, he has our entire good wishes, and our gratitude for the good he has done, in elevating musical taste in Manchester.

Turn we now to another individual who has laboured no less hard in his vocation to improve the taste and provide cheap concerts for the people—Mr. H. B. Peacock—to whom all honour for his laudable and persevering endeavours! We were present at the weekly concert—Delavanti's Benefit—on Monday last, and were much delighted to see the Hall quite as crowded as on Jullien's nights—at the very low rates of 1s., 6d., and 3d. admission.

A well-selected and varied bill of fare—even for a concert of higher pretensions, and at double the price. Miss Shaw, Mrs. Thomas, Mr. Perring, and Mr. Delavanti, being the principals—a small but effective chorus of some forty or fifty voices—accompanied by the indefatigable Mr. Banks, whose labours must be Herculean; but all is overcome with the greatest ease, he is now at the organ—next at the grand pianoforte—then you see him accompanying a chorus on the latter with one hand, whilst with the other he is wielding his baton!—such are some of his *seen* labours—those unseen deserve no less honourable mention, for the efficiency to which they have brought the choir. Verily, Mr. Peacock would be at a loss without Mr. Banks! We felt regret that the low rate of admission would not afford a small orchestra in addition, for with all Mr. Banks's talent and indomitable spirit in performance, it does seem incongruous to us to hear the overture to *Tancredi* on the organ! We are sure both Mr. Peacock and Mr. Banks must feel this, and have serious doubts as to elevating the peoples' taste by such means; but what can they do? They are doing great things in spite of all this! Perhaps the small orchestra will come in time. The audience seemed to enjoy the concert vastly. Delavanti is evidently an especial favorite; his buffo solo, with chorus, "Singing for the Million," is a very clever performance, and well deserved its rapturous encore. In the second part the encores followed each other fast, no less than four in succes-



sion—Mr. Perring, for the English version of "Com' e gentil," Mrs. Thomas's "Kathleen," and the choir in the Hungarian Serenade Polka (beautifully sung, but nearly marred by the noisy sympathetic feet of some of the audience, which Mr. Banks in vain endeavoured to quell), and Mr. Delavanti, in a humorous MS. song, "An ould Irish Gentleman," for which he substituted another. Delavanti is an excellent buffo singer, and pleased us much in Dr. Dulcamara's part in the duet with Perring from *L'Elisir d'amore*, Perring singing Nemorino's part very sweetly. Miss Shaw and Mrs. Thomas have both good voices, the first soprano, the latter contralto, but they have not the finish of the other principals. The choir have vastly improved since we last heard them, and do Mr. Banks great credit. We see the worthy conductor takes his benefit next Monday, and trust he will have the bumper he so richly deserves. The week after, "The Concerts for the People" close, the most successful season they have ever had. Our usual space has been exceeded; but we shall not trespass again, as our concert season is so nearly over: then we shall be happy to get long and faithful reports from D. R. and J. W. D., of both the Italian Operas and the host of coming concerts of the London season.

Yet more last words. We were present last Wednesday evening at the Amateur performance at the Free Trade Hall, for the Guild of Literature and Art, by Charles Dickens and his clever confrères. Manchester has nobly responded to the appeal. We never on any occasion saw such a numerous assemblage of the first families present at the Free Trade Hall—not only of Manchester, but its surrounding neighbourhood. The first-class, 7s. 6d., tickets were all sold some days before the performance; and the demand was so great that more had to be provided—by encroaching on the space for 2s. 6d. and 5s. seats. So that the chief portion of the floor of the Hall was occupied by the highest class—the 5s. seats being in a thin belt on the outside circle; the 2s. 6d. places the two extreme corners, and the whole of the gallery. Every place was full, and a most animated scene the Hall presented when the curtain drew apart for Bulwer's comedy, precisely at seven o'clock. We shall not enter into a lengthened critique or notice of the play or the performance, as they have before been noticed on many occasions. We could add nothing new or interesting to your readers. Suffice it to say that all went off most successfully. Some of the amateurs met with a very hearty reception as they appeared and were recognised. Charles Dickens (perhaps most prominently of all), Mark Lemon, Charles Knight, were especially singled out, and the whole were recalled at the end of the play, when Dickens stepped to the foot-lights and briefly—yet gracefully and fervently—expressed the thanks of the amateurs at their hearty reception. Douglas Jerrold was absent, from a domestic bereavement, and Mr. Wilkie Collins took his part of Mr. Shadowly Softhead. All the characters were excellently sustained—well-fitted, even to the very *physique* and characters of the different amateurs; the dresses and appointments all so complete and strictly in keeping with the time of the plot; what pictures of the time where they all? What could be more perfect than Charles Dickens as the modish lord of the early part of last century? or the timid, suspicious baronet, Sir Geoffrey Thorside, by Mark Lemon, or the imperious Duke of Mr. Dudley Costello? or Mr. Augustus Egg, as the poor Grub Street writer? As actors, all are good—the most pre-eminent, perhaps, after Dickens himself, being Forster, as Mr. Hardware; Lemon, Costello,

(above alluded to) and F. W. Topham, as Mr. Goodenough Easy. 'Mr. Nightingale's Diary,' with the many amazingly clever changes of character by Dickens, which for quickness and complete disguise surpassed anything we have seen since the elder Matthews's days; and the no less clever change of one or two characters by Mark Lemon and Augustus Egg, kept the audience in roars of laughter until midnight—every body seemed more than satisfied, they were delighted. Thus a handsome sum is realized towards the praiseworthy object. These talented gentlemen have in view in founding their 'Guild of Literature and Art,'—and an intellectual evening has been spent that will be fondly remembered by thousands. There was not only the charm of doing good, but that peculiar one of association in the mind of the actors before us, and their works.

#### SCRAPS FROM A TRAVELLING JOURNAL KEPT BY A LOVER OF MUSIC.

##### A VISIT TO LUBECK.

Do you know where Lubeck is situated? if not, let me tell you that it is now within three hours of Hamburg by rail; formerly, it used to take a day by coach. It may easily happen that a good Hambro'-man may pretend not to know Lubeck; or, if he condescend to know of its existence, that he will treat it as a large village only; the fact is, that there is as strong an animosity between the two towns as there is between Saxony and Prussia, or Italy and Austria, or two rival musicians, or—but I leave the comparison *a piacere*.

Lubeck's former glory—the influence of the decisions of its then mighty senate—its powerful navy, its rich merchants, with their love for the fine arts, and its independence, up to the present day, when all these glories are faded, from the *casus belli* between them and their now flourishing neighbours. Many of their institutions bear still the stamp of former greatness, but also of the iron age. Musicians are divided into three classes: the first class performs at concerts and theatres, and has, in fact, the picking of all the chances which present themselves for extra gain; the second class is excluded from theatres and concerts, and play only at balls out of town; and each of these classes have a *senior*, by age and election, who, with a chosen council, manages the terms of engagement, the funds for widows, orphans, &c.; and this *Altester* is a kind of emperor, with unlimited power. Pupils, to become professionals, are articulated as in trades.

The last of these seniors is not only one of the most distinguished musicians but, in every way, an ornament to the profession. I have sought, for many a year, amongst the musicians of all countries to find, here and there, one who would not say, like the despot, "*La loi c'est moi*;" "*La musique c'est moi*;" but who should have music, that divine solace for wounded hearts, that balm for sorrow, for its own sake, but not one in a thousand—nay, ten thousand, but thought of himself when he spoke of art. In Lubeck, where there floats in the very air a tenacity for the *known good* for the traditions from our forefathers, *there I found still* love and faith in music, a circle of intelligent musicians meet regularly, and reading the chief musical journals and æsthetic works—of which there are a great number published in Germany (in fact, in no other country is æsthetic so indigenous as in Germany)—and lay aside every feeling of the shop (a perhaps vulgar, but most designating term).

I had the good fortune to be invited to a special meeting in honor of the arrival of a celebrated musician, and never spent a more profitable evening. Herr Wilhelm Pape, the most distinguished musician in Lubeck, a man who has composed symphonies, quartets, &c. (not to be mistaken for his brother, Ludwig Pape, composer to the Court of Oldenburgh, who is generally known for his originality as a composer as well as his eccentricities, and of whom Spohr, Hummel, Aloys, Schmidt, &c., often spoke to me as one of the most gifted musicians since Beethoven), and who has formed all the best violinists of this city, presided. The general tone of the meeting was so highly instructive, without pedantry, so gay without excess, that I only can regret that I have not yet, anywhere in England, found a similar union amongst musicians. An elderly visitor, B., told us that he came to Berlin years ago, when Mendelssohn was still very young, but had already written his *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Being anxious to make his acquaintance, and to get the young composer's opinion on an oratorio which B. had just finished, he called on him—was kindly received and showed his work—being in great want of cash, and intending to go to Vienna, B. asked the wealthy Mendelssohn for the loan of five Louis d'ors, to be returned to him from the first salary from Vienna.

"But how can I be sure that you wrote this oratorio?" frankly asked young Felix.

"Give me a theme, and I will write you *here* a fugue," replied B. It was done accordingly, and Felix was so delighted with it that he called his father upstairs, to whom he told B.'s request, and who most kindly handed him ten Louis d'ors, begging him to accept it as a mark of esteem for his talent. Then Mendelssohn ordered the luncheon up, and, with all the gaiety and enthusiasm of youth, sat down to the piano, reading the score as only he could do it, merely stopping now and then to take a bite off an enormous sandwich which lay before him on the piano.

(To be continued.)

#### OUT-SIDERS.

(From the Boston Post, 22nd Jan., 1852.)

Mad. Thillon certainly does draw like a "three-double-block purchase," much to the inconvenience of those who can neither afford the time to attend the *vendue*, nor the money to pay for the premium on choice seats, their condition in consequence very much resembling that of one of old Father Noah's passengers, whose physical peculiarities have been thus handed down by oral tradition.

It seems, that when the ark was put in commission, Noah, in providing his cabin stores, included a little private stock of choice New England, (or something like it,) and on the second day out, during the dog-watch, while Shem, Ham, and Japhet were spinning a yarn on deck, the skipper was below with the critter taking a private snifter. All at once, a sudden *whir-r-r-r* rather startled him from his propriety. "Hallo! what's that?" says he. But nothing answered, and he pegged away at the demi-john again, thinking it might possibly have been a little buzzing in his ears, when a second *whiz-z-z-z*, too plain to be mistaken, was followed up by him with a polite invitation to "come down and take something to take"—still, however, without eliciting the courtesy of a reply. If the stranger wasn't dry, Noah was (inside), and he had taken another slap at his case-bottle, when a third *whir-r-r-r* fairly brought him on his legs, especially as the binnacle-lamp had given him, the thought, a glimpse of a little phiz, "half human, half divine," to which he addressed as polite an invitation as his wiggly condition would allow, to come down and sit down with

him, even if "a little somethin' to take" wasn't agreeable. The request was altogether too courteous to be refused, and the story goes, that a wee voice replied, "I'm much obliged, but I can't sit down—I'm a cherry-bum, and I haint got nothing to sit down on!"

We lobby members are in the same predicament, not from any physical defect, but from a significant TAKEN occupying every seat, and assuring us that we "haint got nothing to sit down on." We go early, and we have to stand it until the "favorite farce" and our patience is finished, and Madame Anna appears with the first symptoms of an indigestion. But how do her charming *espiegleries* teach us how to forget our miserable condition—how do we find ourselves mentally considering whether she is the prettier *riante* or *pleurante*, and wondering whether it is the upward shadow of the foot-lights that reveals all manner of inconceivable dimples—or whether those little interjections, that so vastly resemble the notes of a dove, are enjoyed by any-one but us. We even forget ourselves so far as to enjoy the immobility of the chorus when they are bid

"Away! away! a price is on her head,

A thousand crowns to him who takes her, alive or dead,"—

who seem to think the inducement no sort of object compared with the satisfaction of singing through their *tutti*. It is only when the curtain drops, and Madame Anna is squeezed out from behind it to receive the applause of her thousand admirers, and perhaps a single and apparently quite cheap bouquet, and, squeezing herself through the other side, disappears, that we remember our indigestion and hasten out for a *p'tit verre*.

OUT-SIDER.

#### THE EDINBURGH REVIEW AND CHURCH MUSIC.

(From the Liverpool Mail.)

It is curious that the *Edinburgh Review* should at last become alive to the importance of Church Music. Church Music has managed to get along, of late years, tolerably well, without the assistance of the northern sage. But it seems to have been thought necessary that a subject, which has already conquered so much of public attention, should not proceed further without the recognition and countenance of the whig quarterly oracle. In a quiet way, people in different parts of the kingdom have been taking infinite trouble in this cause: the old harmonies of the church have been revived; old scores disburied from the dust; choral societies formed; a healthy taste, and an earnest sympathy with the "ancient things" of the Prayer-book and the Psalter, have been spread abroad; and a common ground has been discovered, whereon all classes can join in doing honour to those glorious compositions in which the genius of the musical worthies of England is so conspicuous. The universality of this movement has been such, that scarcely a parish in the land has been exempt from its influence. Meanwhile, as the village choirs audaciously desert Methodist tunes and jingles for Tallis and Boyce, the great Whig squire has been lolling in his pew, obesely satisfied with the clerk's response, and wondering at the botheration which is going on about him. So the great Whig interpreter, the *Review*, has been, until now, insensible to the fact, that the turn in favour of Ecclesiastical Music, and, as it suspects, of Church principles, in making way, and the writer in this number is put forward to be sarcastic upon the "Musical" clergy and their efforts.

He accomplishes his task in a way which betrays his identity. The first part of the article is taken up with a history of the progress of Cathedral and "Congregational" music in this country. A more impudent example of plagiarism we have rarely met with. The writer has found an easy method of getting over the solid part of his work, by cramming extensively from Rimbault, Joule, Jebb, Crotch, and others, and perhaps (though this is more doubtful, if we may judge from his superficial flimsiness) from several very remarkable papers in the *British Critic*. He thus manages to give himself an air of erudition, and to talk fluently of the "early periods" of our Psalm and Anthem style. The depredation,

however, is wholesale, and we can detect neither the discretion which directs the choice, nor the decency which acknowledges the trespass. By a meagre reference, here and there, to the authors whom he has plundered, his property in their goods seems satisfactorily established.

The Reviewer's great aim is to prove that the higher class of music is appropriate to Cathedrals alone, and that Parish Churches must be contented with bare Psalmody. It is impossible to conceive anything more contrary to the spirit and plain language of the Prayer-book. It is too late in the day to be lectured as to the intentions of the "framers of our Liturgy"—that favourite phrase of writers of this description. It is too late in the day to silence a universal demand for musical improvement, or to sneer down a movement which is penetrating far and wide even among the ultra-evangelical church people,—as the approving admissions of the *Record* remarkably attest. It is too late in the day to be informed by this gentleman that "choirs and places where they sing," is a Rubric only applicable to Cathedrals. There are conceited smatterers in music, whose ideas are derived from the "Holy Breathings," and "Devotional Melodies" which we often see lying on drawing-room tables, for use on the harp and piano-forte, and such persons it may suit to snub the exertions of the clergy and laity to revive a taste for sound old English anthems. But the triumph of prettiness and frippery in parish churches is at an end. This very county supplies many a refutation of the absurd statement that parochial choirs are unfit to grapple with the grand compositions of Byrd and Farrant, of Wise, Blow, Purcell, and Croft. Most efficacious in attaching men to the church of our forefathers is the practice of the productions of these immortal masters. But, to judge from the following passage, we suspect that the Reviewer is a man who cares for none of these things—a man who, most likely, is a slave to the *regime* of lolling in the pew, who is cursed with what he thinks "a taste," despises the well-meant efforts of his neighbours to institute a choral service, prefers to spout the Psalms rather than chant them, tries to make himself a thorn in the side of some zealous clergyman, and, defeated in his object, writes a shabby article to attack what he cannot overthrow:—

"The musical annals of a parish have seldom been encouraging. The minister of a parish church in some populous town, wholly ignorant of the history, intent, and character of church music, as well as of the art itself, as boldly as blindly assumes the character of a musical reformer. He gets up a choir; directs them to endeavour to chant a portion of the service, just what and as much as he pleases—sometimes they are told to essay the singing of an anthem—anything, in short, which shall tend to render the 'performance,' as he thinks and hopes, striking. Another clergyman, perhaps in the adjoining church, desires to surpass the musical efforts of his neighbour, whose choir has been directed to restrict their chanting (as it is called) to the Psalms. This more ambitious divine ordains that the responses also shall be chanted, although himself unable to chant the *Preces*; he commands, also, the *Te Deum* and *Jubilate* to be sung. Here, perhaps, the members of his choir encounter a difficulty, the choral services of Gibbons, Croft, Aldrich, or Child, not being on a level with their vocal entertainments—possibly not suited to his own taste. At any rate, it seems a chaotic sort of affair in their hands. Our reformers know not why, but so it is. They want something more pretty, more modern, more attractive. And there is no difficulty in obtaining it; for music of this kind is always to be had in any quantity and at any price. Thus is the sublime and perfect service of the cathedral made a thing of shreds and patches, debased in character, and ridiculous in execution, the road to real improvement forsaken, and the true design and purpose of parochial music left utterly aside."

On the general subject we have no space to enter, nor is it necessary after the exhaustive lectures on church music, which were delivered some time ago at the Philharmonic Hall, by Mr. Wm. Sudlow. We will just hint that the writer, who talks of the "neglect and indifference," which the English musician experienced from "the wretched family of the Stuarts," would be puzzled to point out any melodious instincts in the Dutchman William; and that, when he talks of Norfolk, as a county containing "eight-

hundred churches, with only six organs," he should bear in mind the immeasurable time during which that county benefited by the superintendence of a Whig bishop with Socinian tendencies. To us, the most disgusting part of this article is the writer's assumption of affection and zeal for the church—of admiration for the masterpieces of Anglican composers—of a desire for a more extended appreciation of their fitness as aids to devotion in the Prayer-book services—at the same time that a bitter hostility to Church principles, and a malicious depreciation of what the Clergy are doing in musical matters, are clumsily veiled under simulated enthusiasm. When men set themselves forward manfully to help a cause in its need, there is a certain degree of poltroonery, as well as conceit, in people pretending to be friends, yet standing aloof, and shrinking from hearty co-operation. Such professing churchmen, who can turn critics, and keep on the safe side in the hour of misrepresentation and difficulty, we can only compare to Clerks of the Peace, who, when a riotous mob should be confronted with all the courage of the law, discover a compromise by stammering out the Riot Act, *from under a table*.

### Reviews of Music.

- No. 1, "THE MONTPELIER POLKA"—Charles Hastings—John Campbell.  
 No. 2, "THE MARCHIONESS POLKAS"—Thomas Baker—J. W. Hammond.  
 No. 3, "THE LITTLE MARQUIS QUADRILLE"—Ditto—Ditto.  
 No. 4, "THE RACHEL POLKA"—H. D. C. Wolff—Jullien and Co.  
 No. 5, "BRUCE CASTLE POLKA"—P. H. Barton—T. E. Purday.  
 No. 6, "ROBIN GOODFELLOW QUADRILLE"—Ricardo Linter—D'Almaine and Co.  
 No. 7, "LA POLKA BRILLANTE"—Charles Luders—Schott and Co.

We shall not pretend to criticise Mr. Charles Hastings' polka, No. 1, which is so unpretending that it cannot pretend to the pretension of being criticised. It is a polka, however, and can be easily danced to, though its composition can hardly have cost its author many sleepless nights.

To the "Marchioness," in No. 2, four polkas are dedicated by Mr. Baker, of which numbers 1 and 2 are decidedly the best. With 3 and 4 we could dispense without weeping. The usual correctness of the author is evinced in these little easy dance tunes, which are perfectly inoffensive, and perfectly adapted to the purpose for which they were intended. The title-page is adorned with a little Marchioness, *style Louis Quinze*.

To the little "Marquis," No. 3, Mr. Baker has addressed a set of quadrilles which are pretty and *espigle*. The usual correctness of the author, however, is not evinced in these little easy dance tunes. In figure 2, line 3, bars 2, 3, Mr. Baker, doubtless, eager not to stretch the fingers of the little Marquis, has fallen candidly and without let, into consecutive fifths and octaves, out of which we recommend him to issue when looking over the proofs of the second edition. He will also do well to cut out a flat in line 5, bar 3, figure 3, which renders the B to which it is affixed exceedingly offensive. The title-page is adorned, with a little Marquis, *style Louis Quinze*.

H. D. C. Wolff, Esq., probably wrote his "Rachel Polka" after seeing the great French tragedian in some Chinese piece, for his polka, with its many themes, is Chinese all over, and of the simplest. We cannot recommend it to Mlle. Rachel. Had it been entitled the "Wright polka" we could have recommended it conscientiously to Mr. Tilbury, who formerly played a part in *Za-Ze-Zi-Zo-Zu*, in his younger days.

This Polka-mania is becoming unendurable. Were we the Prince President of some Imperial republic, we would "decree" that no one should write polkas but M. Jullien, who writes quite enough



annually for the polka season. That Mr. P. H. Barton should address a polka to his young pupils at Bruce Castle, in A flat, is well, and it is as well that he should entitle it "Bruce Castle," and it is not ill that he should apply to our staunch and excellent supporter, Mr. T. E. Purday, to have it printed on his account; it is also well that he should present copies to his friends; but it is not well that he should forward a copy to the *MUSICAL WORLD* for review. What can we say more than that the "Bruce Castle Polka" is a polka in A flat, entitled "Bruce Castle," and dedicated to his pupils by the composer; and what benefit do we possibly confer upon Mr. P. H. Barton by giving utterance to this sentiment?

Mr. Linter, the skilful arranger, has the advantage, in No. 6, of lively, and fresh, and vigorous tunes ready made to his hand, and we must do him the justice to say he has made the best of them. The "Robin Goodfellow Quadrilles" are decidedly the most agreeable and well written set that for some time has come under our notice; and we recommend them to quadrille players, amateur and professional.

This polkomania is becoming unendurable—we were about to reiterate—when the first page of Mr. Luders' "Polka Brillante" at once convinced us that the reiteration would have been ill-applied. The "Polka Brilliant" of Mr. Luders' is not merely a polka brilliant, but a piece of music brilliant, boasting alike ideas and artistic treatment; in short a *morceau* that may be studied with advantage by advanced players, who cannot fail to find it food for practice, at once graceful and grateful. *Bref*—the "Polka Brillante" of Mr. Luders' has a touch of Weber in it, although it lacks the fire of that fiery composer.

No. 1, "HITHER COME"—Ballad—Written by Thomas Blake, Esq.—Composed by George Linley—Cramer, Beale and Co.

No. 2, "OH! WERT THOU MINE FOR EVER"—Song—Frederick Kucken—Wessel and Co.

No. 3, "THOU SHALT HAVE NONE OTHER GODS BUT ME"—Sacred Song—Poetry by Charles Swain—Music by George Hargreaves—Campbell, Ransford and Co.

No. 4, "HOW THE MOMENTS WEARY"—Rendered into English by George Linley—Composed by Angelina—Jullien and Co.

No. 5, "I'LL STAND, MY LOVE, THY DOOR BESIDE"—Moorish Serenade—Composed by Frederick Kucken—Wessel and Co.

No. 6, "PEACE TO THEE"—Words by Wallbridge Lunn—Music by Henry C. Lunn—Addison and Co.

No. 1, a pretty unpretending ballad, the words and music well married, but calling for no special observation.

The song, No. 2, "Oh! wert thou mine for ever," is one of the best of Kucken, one of the best of German song writers. A slight inclining to Spohr will be recognised without dissatisfaction. The song would make a good concert song, the voice-part being melodious, and the accompaniments rich and musician-like. Since the popular Jetty Treffz, his compatriot, first made Kucken's reputation general in this country by her quaint singing of the quaint "Trab, Trab, Trab," the demand for his vocal works has rapidly augmented, and he is now recognised deservedly as a composer of fancy and ingenuity. We recommend this song as a very favourable specimen of his manner.

The words of No. 3 involve a good paraphrase of one of the most popular of the commandments. The music of Mr. Hargreaves has much merit, and is appropriately grave in character; but is, on the whole, too laboured. Moreover, some of the progressions are more bold than agreeable. Instance, in the symphony of the first page, the march of harmony in bars 2, 3, 4; and especially in bar 3. Nevertheless, some passages of the work are expressed with great force, of which we would cite, as the most remarkable (page 4), "Sing to the Lord, &c.," commencing from the interrupted cadence on the common chord of C flat, and thence to the reprise of E flat, the original key.

In No. 4, "How the Moments Weary," Mr. George Linley,

the poet, has been unusually happy in imitating some well-known French verses. The music is worthy the talent of its intelligent and rising composer. The melody, characteristically plaintive, would be faultless, but for a certain monotony arising from the fact of every alternate bar consisting of four quavers, a quaver to a syllable, the only relief being at the end of the two sections in A minor (pages 3 and 5), when the rhythm is prolonged for the cadence with grateful effect. Considering the character of the song, however, it is not fair to cite this as a fault.

No. 5, "Moorish Serenade," by Kucken, is a sparkling and characteristic bolero, in the key of G minor, with an episode gratefully contrasted, in that of G flat major, which, though apparently violently extraneous to the tonic, becomes agreeable through the easy and natural manner in which the modulations are contrived. This is another example of the influence of Jetty Treffz, so inimitable in her way, in obtaining popularity for a song. It is, however, an excellent specimen of the composer, and merits the vogue it has obtained.

The most that can be said of No. 6, "Peace to thee," is that both words and music are inoffensive. As a specimen of the ordinary sentimental British ballad it will pass muster.

"WREATH ME A CHAPLET OF THE VINE."—Written by Robert Morrison.—Composed by George Barker.—Lee & Coxhead, Albemarle-street.

This song, which is of a bacchanalian character, may be reckoned amongst one of Mr. Barker's best productions. It is jovial and flowing, and divested of the common-place and vulgar, too frequently to be found in drinking effusions. The title is one of which even Silenus himself might be proud, as being appropriate and attractive, and the words, which are well wedded to the melody, are in good keeping; proving that the author was sufficiently inspired with the grape to write some neat verses without overstepping the limits of propriety. We can recommend the song as a good companion for merry meetings.

### Dramatic.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—On the 24th of November, just a week before the *coup d'état*, when that part of the Parisian community which does not bother itself with politics was rubbing its hands and chuckling in anticipation of the carnival and the *jour de l'an*, a new *ballet* was produced at the Grand Opera, under the title of *Vert Vert*, founded on the well-known fairy tale of Gresset, called *Vervet*, with which all literati are well acquainted, while those who know nothing about it would scarcely be edified by a narration of the story or a development of the moral, the one being about as worthless as the other. Our business is with the *ballet*, which MM. Leuven and Mazilier have constructed upon the tale of Gresset, the materials whereof had been treated by the former gentleman in the form of a *vaudeville*. In both instances the original of Gresset has been very ill-used, since his ideas are perverted and his plan set utterly at defiance. The chief sin, however, rests with MM. Leuven and Mazilier, authors of the *ballet*, of which we shall endeavour to sketch the outline as briefly as possible.

The period is that of Louis XV., when the Court did not professedly pride itself on the article of morals. In the first act we are at Fontainebleau. Here the Queen's Maids of Honour are indulging themselves in a nocturnal promenade with certain adventurous pages of noble extract, in spite of Madame Navailles, the *gouvernante*, whose watchful eye is completely closed by the well-assumed innocence of her *protégées*. One of these, however—the prettiest and most fascinating—Mademoiselle Blanche, has concentrated her

entire affection, not on a page, but on a parroquet, confined in a golden cage, and exulting in the *sobriquet* of Vert Vert. Parroquets are mortal, and Vert Vert, having caught a cold through being left out in the air, dies! Blanche, inconsolable, in vain her companions, the other Maids of Honour, attempt to reconcile her to her loss. Vert Vert is buried with as much weeping as ceremony. A substitute for the dead parroquet, however, shortly arrives in the shape of Candide, a nephew of Madame de Navailles, the *gouvernante*, whose extreme youth and simplicity captivate Blanche and her companions to such an extent that Vert Vert is entirely forgotten. It is who shall be civil to Candide—who shall teach him all sorts of agreeable accomplishments—who shall pet him—who, in short, shall love him. But Blanche is the favourite of the new comer. She gives him sweetmeats and teaches him to dance. Candide in a very short time allies himself with the adventurous pages, and a treaty of war against the Maids of Honour and their dragon-like *gouvernante* is speedily concluded. The King gives a ball, and invitations are conveyed by the pages to the Maids of Honour. While Madame de Navailles reads the invitations the pages take the opportunity of slipping *billets doux* into the hands of the Maids of Honour. This and other delinquencies being discovered, Madame de Navailles refuses to allow her fair charges to go to the ball, and sends them to bed without supper. Candide, however, losing no time, has, in the interim, by means of adventures too long to recount, been initiated in all the accomplishments of the Court—drinking, fighting, swearing, and smoking, to wit. He assists in debauching Columbus, his learned professor, and, reducing him to a state of intoxication, robs him of the keys which had been consigned to his charge by Madame de Navailles, one of which opens into the chambers of the Maids of Honour. Here Candide and his companions, penetrating, discover the objects of their devotion, who, surprised in their retirement, defend themselves with arrows, which owe their origin to the fancy of the dramatist, and baffle the reasoning faculties of the audience. Madame de Navailles arrives in the midst of the fray, and, delighted with the virtue and courage of her *proteges*, straightway consents to their union with the pages of their separate loves. And so they all go to the ball; and thus ends the *ballet*.

The success of *Vert Vert* in Paris depended chiefly on the splendour and completeness of the scenery, costumes, and appointments. Independently of this, Mademoiselle Priora, a new dancer, who, at one bound, placed herself in the first rank of choregraphic aspirants, imparted an intrinsic interest to the performance. Finally, there was Mademoiselle Plunkett as Vert Vert, and three months' rehearsal to ensure everything going to perfection. From among these attractions Mr. Bunn enjoyed the advantage of Mademoiselle Plunkett, who, not less sprightly, vivacious, piquant, and fascinating as Vert Vert than in Paris, although with so much less favourable an *entourage*, supported the chief weight of the *ballet* with admirable talent and unabated zeal. Mademoiselle Carlotta de Vecchi, who assumed the part of Blanche, although "from the San Carlo at Naples," must be regarded as a *debutante*—one of distinguished promise, nevertheless, with youth and qualifications remarkably in her favour. Her deportment is graceful, and there is a peculiar modesty in her appearance that tells greatly in her behalf. In the mechanical part of her art Mademoiselle de Vecchi already displays a singular facility, and, though she has yet much to learn, it is more than probable she will acquire it with ease

and promptitude. Her *pas seul* in the first act was much applauded, and her *pas de caractère* with Mademoiselle Plunkett in the last was equally well received. The great hit of the *ballot*, as a Terpsichorean display, was a grand *pas de deux* between Mademoiselle Plunkett (attired in her female costume) and M. Durand. This was vociferously applauded. Mademoiselle Plunkett exhibited an extraordinary degree of agility, quite divested of effort or affectation; while M. Durand—according to the bills "the most eminent dancer in Europe"—turned round once, twice, and thrice with a rapidity that thoroughly astounded the occupants of the higher gallery. Among the *pas d'ensemble*, the most attractive and the most warmly applauded was the *Pas des Trois Graces*, a well-constructed dance, executed with great skill by Mademoiselles Adele, H. Payne, and D'Antoine. The "*Galop General*," at the conclusion, was also a lively affair. Mr. W. H. Payne, as Columbus, the preceptor of Vert Vert, did all that was possible to make a dull personage amusing, and as Pierrot, in Act 2, materially aided Mr. T. Marshall (Harlequin) in imparting colour and *entrain* to a harlequinade intrinsically vague and tiresome. The music of the *ballet*, composed by MM. Tolbecque and Deldeveze, is neither remarkable for originality nor for spirit. The general "getting up," though it by no means realized the "great splendour" promised in the playbills, was creditable; and the audience, a very full one at second price, encouraged the dancers with liberal and frequent applause. Mr. Oury conducted the orchestra.

Edgaro, in *Lucia di Lammermoor*, the part in which Mr. Sims Reeves made his debut at Drury-lane Theatre, upwards of four years ago, is that to which, perhaps, he chiefly owes his fame as a dramatic singer. The music is perfectly suited to his voice, while the predominant sentiment of the drama is what his natural means enable him to embody the most successfully. That the English public admire him in this character is incontestable; and had there been a difference of opinion on the matter, Tuesday night's representation must fairly have set it at rest. The house was full on the said evening, from the commencement—the pit overflowing, and the galleries crowded. The reception accorded to Mr. Sims Reeves was undeniable in its warmth and unanimity. The great points of his performance, which it is unnecessary to describe, excited an enthusiasm without bounds; and not only was he called for at the end of each of the three acts, but also after one or two special pieces. He has rarely been heard in better voice, and never exerted himself more zealously to merit the approval and applause of the audience. Mrs. Sims Reeves, the Lucia of the evening, displayed her accustomed intelligence and musical cleverness. This lady is more entirely at home in comic than in serious opera; but she has the great merit of not attempting what is beyond her means, and thereby never lays herself open to the charge of extravagance, which so often usurps the place of competency. Her impersonation was sensible and pleasing from first to last, while her singing in the opening *cavatina*, and the more elaborate *aria* of the mad scene in the third act, exhibited a degree of musical cultivation which few of our native vocalists can boast. Mrs. Reeves was greatly applauded, and shared the honours of the evening with her husband. Mr. Whitworth, as Henry Ashton—in which part he also made his *debut*, on the occasion alluded to, at Drury-lane Theatre—manifested, as usual, the utmost care and correctness. Mr. Manvers was Arthur, and Mr. S. Jones Raymond. The opera, as far as principals were



concerned, left little to be desired. About the rest we would prefer being silent; but the announcement in the bill, that "the chorus has been considerably augmented," forces us, in simple love of truth, to declare that, if such be the case, it has been to very little purpose, since nothing could be more inefficient. The band was less at fault than usual, although by no means up to the mark. On the scenery and decorations no pains and expense have been wasted.

The demand for some of the promised novelties is becoming general. The theatre has now been open three weeks, and a new opera by Balfe, Macfarren, Benedict, or Frank Mori (all of whom are presumed to be in the lists), would be thoroughly acceptable, since, after all, these foreign adaptations are but makeshifts.

**HAYMARKET.**—No manager in London was ever more indefatigable than Mr. Webster in catering for the amusement of the public. He has not only during his long management brought out a numberless succession of new works, but has always had such a company as enabled him to cast them in the most satisfactory manner. In order to achieve this very desirable end, Mr. Webster has always been on the alert, searching everywhere for new talent, and immediately any aspirant for histrionic honours, endowed with anything like superior ability, started up, Mr. Webster never spared either trouble or expense to engage him for his theatre. For some time past, a gentleman called Mr. Barry Sullivan, had been playing with great success at the Theatres Royal, Dublin, Liverpool and Manchester. Of this fact, however, the London public was, of course, supremely ignorant, and went on regretting as usual the absence of native talent, etc.; their friend, the Metropolitan Managers also regretted, etc., although they were perfectly well aware of Mr. Sullivan's existence, and also of his success at the three theatres above-mentioned, but as to the idea of their going to see what he could really do, or obtaining the information from others, that was entirely out of the question. Not so Mr. Webster. That gentleman had heard Mr. Sullivan highly spoken of in the Provinces, and having convinced himself of the truth of these reports, engaged Mr. Sullivan, thereby proving that he was still the same enterprising servant of the public, and the same kind friend to unknown, or unappreciated talent that he had ever been. Mr. Sullivan made his *début* last Saturday. His personal appearance at once prepossessed the audience in his favour, and promised to justify the eulogiums of his country friends. His figure, which is rather above the middle height, is slim, and exceedingly well-formed. His face is decidedly of a highly intellectual cast, and his eye possesses great expression. His movements and walk are peculiarly graceful; the only fault to be found with them, perhaps, is that they are sometimes too studied; but that is a defect which may be remedied when Mr. Sullivan shall have become a greater proficient in the *ars celare artem*. The only particular in which Mr. Sullivan appears deficient is the voice—which seems to be naturally husky, and of small power. We have heard, however, that Mr. Sullivan has been suffering from a cold since his arrival in London, and therefore we are justified in hoping that his voice will improve on acquaintance. To speak more particularly of Mr. Sullivan's impersonation of the character chosen by him for his *début*, we must pronounce it a most meritorious performance: never bad, generally exceedingly good, and sometimes rising to greatness. Mr. Sullivan possesses the gift of conceiving a character as a whole. The consequence of this is, that his Hamlet is not the "thing of

shreds and patches" that some actors make it, with a glaring bit of effect here, and a miserable tatter of inefficiency or misconception there. It is very evident that Mr. Sullivan sketched the entire outline carefully in his own mind, effacing and erasing over and over again, before he thought of filling in any separate portion. Michael Angelo was accustomed to do something of the same kind. He first drew the skeleton in the position he desired; then, over that the muscles and flesh; and, lastly, the drapery. We do not think Mr. Sullivan could have followed a much better example than that of Michael Angelo. We have heard it asserted that Mr. Sullivan's Hamlet is altogether a tame performance. If by "tame" is meant the absence of anything like ranting, we grant that his Hamlet is tame, and we congratulate him very sincerely that it is; but, if any other signification is given to the word, we must beg to differ. We own that his acting is generally quiet; but then men, even of the strongest feelings, do not invariably go about either in a paroxysm of rage, or in an abyss of despondency. Besides, some allowance must be made for an actor's nervousness on his first appearance before a London audience. People, aye, and critics, too, seem to forget that that there is any such trifle as the actor's whole future career depending on the success or non-success of one night, perhaps. Hamlet is, generally speaking, a quiet, contemplative character, seldom roused to action except on great occasions; these are not very numerous in the play, and we think that Mr. Sullivan cannot very well be accused of missing many of them, when we mention that in the celebrated scene with Ophelia, in the play scene, in the closet scene, and in the last scene of the fifth act, he completely electrified his audience. He was recalled at the end of the piece, and received enthusiastically. We congratulate Mr. Sullivan, and we thank Mr. Webster. The other characters were very well sustained, especially Osrick, by Mr. Leigh Murray, and Ophelia, by Miss Reynolds. We certainly never saw the mad scene with the king, queen, and Laertes, more beautifully and more touchingly played. The *naïveté* that Miss Reynolds threw into the wild snatches of songs that she sings was most delicately conceived, while the occasional gleam of reason, glancing for one moment through her dark and troubled brain, and then disappearing again, to rejoin, as it were, her father, whose spirit it had accompanied in its flight from earth, was but a too true picture of Nature, and struck home to every heart. Miss Reynolds was greatly and deservedly applauded.

**OLYMPIC.**—An excellently written one-act piece, modestly styled a farce, but certainly deserving a more exalted title, was produced at the above theatre on Thursday night, with complete success. The author is Mr. Bridgeman; and, before we go any farther, let us state distinctly—for the novelty of the thing—that the piece does *not* bear "evident traces of a French origin," as is customary in those cases. It is entirely original. The subject is one which, if our dramatic authors generally were even driven to the contemptible strait of having to invent their own plots, would, doubtless, have been taken up long ago. It has not, however, suffered by the long desertion—having, at length, fallen into very good hands—and being already treated as one of the family of popular favourites. By the way, we have not mentioned what the subject is. We will. It is that of a middle-aged gentleman having inserted a Matrimonial Advertisement (the well-known "head"-line, of which forms the lengthy, but humorous, title of the piece) in the *Sunday Times*—and of course getting

into numerous scrapes and equivocal positions. Want of space prevents our going into the plot; similar causes will, doubtless, during the run of the piece, prevent many people going into the theatre. Let it suffice that the piece is one continual "go" from beginning to end; and that the dialogue is good enough for a five-act comedy (only too funny, according to what appears to be the notion of modern "legitimists"). The acting, throughout, was excellent. Compton—as a Gent, in a coffee-coloured shirt, very straight hair, imperial, and general make-up of the "stable mind" order—was sublime, though scarcely better than his second (don't let us say "rival"—we don't like it) Shalders, the most "rising" low comedian of the day, who played a middle-aged gentleman, with more waistcoat than we ever expected to see in our life, and almost celestial whiskers! A word—no, two or three, and let them be good ones—for Mrs. Alfred Phillips, whom we did not always like—but we do now—oh! so much! We fancy, indeed, we are sure, that we have generally seen her in parts not suited to her. She was the jolliest, happiest, *real*-est plain cook that ever divided the affections of amorous policemen with cold shoulders of mutton or rabbit-pie. Mr. G. Cooke, and Mrs. Bartlett, also greatly contributed to the success of the piece, which was followed by the already-familiar face of Mr. Bridgeman, bowing from his box in obedience to an enthusiastic call.

**MARIONETTE THEATRE.**—The puppets thrive. The public goes to witness this exotic entertainment; the literary world is pleased to recal the days when puppets of old amused Addison, Steele, and Goldsmith; and the satirical find occasion to remark, that performers whose heads are professedly wooden are at any rate more honest than many human artists, who, though similarly provided in the upper story, are not equally candid in confession. The sense of their growing importance is visibly set forth in their movements. They no longer wave timidly in the air, as when they first appeared, but they plant their feet firmly on the stage, as if aware of the stability of their position. The notion of their freedom from a Chamberlain's *surveillance* seems to have penetrated their little solid skulls, and in their newest exhibitions they abuse the French President with an Aristophanic license, which, if they are lucky, may draw upon them the reprobation of the House of Lords. A very clever little piece, called the *United Services*, has been written for these Marionettes by a gentleman of considerable literary eminence. The plot, turning on the clandestine invitation given to a policeman and a life guardsman by a brace of female servants, is slight enough, but the rhymed dialogue, bristling with allusions to topics of the day, is smartly written, and elicits new peculiarities in the performers. The swell life guardsman is a most fascinating personage, and the manner in which the inanimate party sits down to a supper-table might furnish a subject for the illustration of a book on good behaviour. Then there is the pantomime, costumed after the Neapolitan fashion, in which a little man with a hoop does astounding feats to the amazement of a Pierrot, whose stupidity is scarcely less clever. Altogether, the puppets, as we have said, are in a thriving condition.

**ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.**—Mr. Mitchell's programme for the French season, which is to commence next Monday, exhibits as much spirit and judgment as on any former occasion. He starts with the engagement of Mdle. Dejazet and M. Lafont, two names potent in Vaudeville; then are to come the rulers of the *drame*, M. F. Lemaître and

Mdile. Clarisse; and next, M. Regnier and Mdle. Rose Cheri are promised. An excellent though concise bill of fare.

### Foreign.

**VIENNA.**—It is affirmed that the *Hofund National Theatér*, as it was first called in 1848, is shortly to receive its old name, *Hof Burg Theatér*. That this vestige of the revolution should have been allowed to remain so long is quite incredible. They manage these things differently in France. It is a positive fact, that it is even now more difficult than ever for untitled persons to obtain a box at this theatre. In 1848, money was allowed to have its legitimate weight in the matter; but the old exclusive spirit of caste has sprung into life again with absolutism, and applicants for boxes are now not unfrequently told that such and such a box has been reserved for a "noble" family. Anders, the famous tenor of the German Opera, who has identified himself with the *Prophete* of Meyerbeer, has concluded an engagement with the manager of one of the London Italian Operas. De Bassini, the celebrated baritone, and legitimate successor of Tamburini, as he is styled, is also engaged for London next season. He is an incomparable artist, and must create a profound sensation. His place cannot be supplied at the Italian Opera here, of which he has been for years the brightest ornament. We are to have an Italian company here in April, but no celebrities. Mr. Thomas, professor in the London Academy of Music, and solo harpist at Her Majesty's Theatre, whose performances have excited great applause here, will leave in a few days. He will be in London early in March for the opening of Her Majesty's Theatre.

[We are enabled to state, on the best authority, that Herr Anders, the celebrated tenor, and De Bassini, the celebrated baritone, are both engaged by Mr. Lumley for Her Majesty's Theatre, and will appear early in the ensuing season.—Ed. M. W.]

The Duke of Saxe Coburg-Gotha, the author of *Casilda*, has given an annual sum to the Academy of Music here. The amount is stated to be considerable, and is to last for the term of seven years. A *Missa Solennis*, from the accomplished pen of the Earl of Westmoreland, was performed on the 2nd Instant, at the church of St. Charles. The Italian Opera opens on the 15th of next month. Two new operas are announced—one by Ricci, entitled, *Il Marito e l'Amante*; the other by Capeceatratro, called *Gaston de Chanley*. The company consists of Mesdames Albertini, Maray, Medoni, and De Meric, as *prime donne*; Fraschini and Boccarde, tenors; De Bassini and Ferri, barytones; Mitrowich, basso; and Sealese, primo buffo. Fanny Cerito is engaged for the ballet. De Bassini's engagement is a brief one, as he will have to go to London soon after Easter.—(From a Correspondent.)

**LEIPZIG, January 29.**—The fifteenth subscription concert, in the Gewandhaus, was opened with a new symphony, by F. Herrmann, member of the orchestra, which was conducted by the composer. Expectation was not disappointed in this young composer's first work, although, in general opinion, it required further developement, before it could deservedly be placed in the repertoire of the Gewandhaus' Concerts. The execution of this symphony, as well as of Weber's *Ruler of the Spirits*, received ample justice from our excellent orchestra. Herr George Stigelli, lately from

London, sang the air from *Die Zauberflöte*, "Dies Bildniß," two songs by Schubert, to which, by general demand, he had to add a third, besides the duet from *Il Seraglio*, with Mlle. Mayer. In all these pieces he displayed a truly artistic knowledge, an excellent Italian schooling, perfect vocalisation and distinct delivery, and, above all, a thoughtful comprehension of the author's meaning, which enabled him to produce the decided effect, of which we had, in the past season undoubted evidence. Demlle. Mayer, sang a new Concert Aria, by Chapelmaster Rietz, which pleased from its freshness and vigour. A young violinist, Herr C. Deichmann, from Hanover, displayed, in two compositions by Vieuxtemps and De Beriot, his mastery over his difficult instrument; and great merit is due to him for the delicacy and feeling he threw into the cantabile passages. Herr Deichmann was highly successful, and obtained the unanimous applause of the audience. Madame Sontag is here. On the 3rd, she appeared in the *Figlia del Reggimento*, and created a great sensation. She remains until the first week in March, when she proceeds to Hamburg.

### Provincial.

**SHEFFIELD.**—(From our Correspondent.)—The fourth Concert of the "Apollo Catch and Glee Society," took place at the Bath Saloon on Thursday evening, the attendance (considering the bad weather) was numerous and the applause bestowed sufficiently encouraging.

The remembrance of the singing calls into my mind a few ideas on glee singing in general, which, permit me to state previous to my further notice of the Concert.

The "Glee," which is a purely English composition, and of which we have a vast and beautiful store, requires many studies ere it can be sung so as to bring forth with due effect all its great charms: unfortunately in country towns, numerous as are the Glee Societies, but little attention is paid to these necessary requirements, the consequence of which is, that a glee out of London is generally sung like a chorus, with a roughness and want of taste destructive to its proper development. There are four principal points to be studied for the due performance of glees, first, the judiciously blending or amalgamating the voices. No one voice should stand out beyond another, no one singer should be heard, but all the voices should blend together so as to form but one harmonious whole. It is the want of attention to this union that so sadly ruins glee singing in general, Mr. Jones will show his fine C, or Mrs. Lamb her deep G; the entire effect should be looked after, and not individual honors. The second point is the properly attending to the *pianos* and *fortes*—without attention to this, glees become either all noise or quite insipid, a *forte* is doubly effective preceded by a piano, and the piano, in like manner is most beautiful following a *forte*. The third requisite is *accent*; that is the giving to certain passages and words a *force* not given to others. Accent in music, like emphasis in poetry, renders effect to passages that otherwise would be most tame and meaningless. The fourth point is enunciation of words. The composer, be he one of talent, ever strives to fill up the poetic picture by his musical ideas; it is therefore quite necessary, if it is desired to duly perform the poetry or music, that the words should be clearly enunciated. There is also one thing often done in country glee societies that ought to be avoided: accompanying the glees on a pianoforte. Compositions of this style require no accompaniment; and the jingling of a too often wretched instrument is most destructive to rich and varied vocal harmony. With these few remarks, allow me now to give a brief notice of the singing on Thursday evening. The glees sung were "Stay, prithee stay," (this is not strictly a glee), "By Celia's arbour," "My laddie is gone far away," and "Crabbed age and youth." All were very fairly sung, in nice time, and with some effect. Since the visit of

the London Madrigal Society great improvement has taken place in glee singing here, the old system of shouting has disappeared, and a more agreeable, smooth, and even one taken its place; indeed, an advance in the right way has been made in a couple of months, greater than during the past ten years. An English translation of Rossini's "Dol tuo stellato" from the "Mosè in Egitto" was attempted. It said *quartett* and *chorus*; we heard the quartett but missed the chorus, and the beautiful transition from G minor into G major was most ineffectively given. The chorus "Swift as the flash," arranged from *Guillaume Tell*, was nicely sung, and was therefore, it being short, encored. The trio from *Norma* was completely mistaken as to time, the melody requires the time to be taken slow and the style flowing; and such words as

"Yet thy intense miseries  
Bid me in their course languish,"

are ill adapted to gallop-time.

Mr. Flint sang the "Last Man." This gentleman is an amateur of merit, with evident musical zeal. He possesses a manly bass voice, ranging from G to D; other notes he may produce, but they are only the remnants of his voice. Had this gentleman studied in early life he would have made a first-rate *Basso Profundo*. His rendering of Calcott's fine song was bold and energetic, but lacked discriminating judgment. The opening was taken too fast, and the beautiful two-four cantabile, commencing "This spirit," was hurried and out of time. The recitatives were generally spoilt by the pianist playing nearly all the voice part; perhaps this was necessary to keep the singer right, as we often heard the note given. In many other parts of the song Mr. Flint was effective, and altogether supported his name as an industrious singer. Miss Seal is one of the most perfect artistes we have. A little more study to render her words clear and distinct, and greater amount of animation is all that can be desired. This lady sang the song of "Robin Adair" with an even purity exceedingly pleasing, and had the second verse,

"What made the ball so fine,  
Robin Adair,  
What made the assembly shine,  
Robin Adair,"

been given with more energy and spirit, it would have deservedly commanded an encore. Miss Burdekin had little to do, yet did her best with a good voice. She wants good practice, particularly in making her voice flexible and her articulation of words clear. Time and study may yet assuredly place this lady on an equal footing with, at present, her superiors in the vocal art. Mr. Inkersall sang a new song (written and composed expressly for him by a native poet) called "The Adieu." He did all he could with the composition, which is a trashy, wretched mixture of "My Pretty Jane" and "Then you'll remember me," and without, as far as the music is concerned, a single redeeming point. Mr. Inkersall has only to improve his pronunciation and get a little more flexibility, to render himself an excellent tenor; he is young and persevering, and, without him, the Apollo society might shut its doors. Mr. H. Smith accompanied the glees very nicely, but all accompaniments to glees are our abomination, especially on an instrument that has seen the "Light of other days." We trust this society will prosper, it is the only one in the town that has any vitality, and if carried on with judicious vigour will in time produce much good.

**LINCOLN.**—MR. TURNER'S CONCERT.—Mr. A. Turner gave a concert of vocal music in the County Assembly Rooms on Tuesday evening, January 27th. The audience was highly delighted with the great treat given by Miss Birch, of the Nobility's Concerts, and by Mrs. Turner, both ladies being rapturously encored. The other vocalists were Mr. Turner, Mr. Mason, Mr. Turton, Mr. Plant, Mr. Brooke, and Mr. Martin. When we state that such popular music as "When winds breathe soft," "Is it the roar of Teviot's tide?" and Weber's "Over the dark blue waters," were given with great effect, it must be understood that we desire to compliment all the vocalists. Mr. T. Machin sang "When I view these scenes so charming," and "Phillip the Falconer," with great taste and judgment. We hope to hear him again, at Lincoln.



**BOLTON.**—The Concert of the Harmonic Society, of Tuesday last, may be said to have been an "event" in the musical line of entertainments brought before the inhabitants of Bolton, so comparatively seldom are concerts of a similar character got up in this town. The amount of talent engaged for the occasion was greater than we had expected, and the arrangements made in the Temperance Hall were similar to those adopted when the Harmonic Society gave the oratorios *Elijah* and *The Creation*. The weather was unfavourable, and doubtless subtracted largely from the attendance. The orchestra, numbering about 70 performers, was conducted by Mr. J. Fawcett, Jun. It included, besides vocalists and instrumentalists connected with the Harmonic Society, a number of ladies and gentlemen from the Concert Hall, Manchester, and other places. On some account, none of the treble singers of the Harmonic Society were present. With such an amount of talent the result justified the expectation. The selection of music would have been more appropriate had there been more pieces in which so powerful a band and chorus could have been heard to the best advantage. The concert opened with the overture to *Der Freischütz*. The madrigal "When all alone," rather unsteady at the commencement, was well performed. Mr. Perring gave the ballad, "In this old chair," with a distinctness which vocalists would do well to imitate. In the different pieces assigned to Mr. Perring he accompanied himself on the pianoforte. "The song of Fairies" (from Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*) was ably given by Mrs. Brooke, Madlle. Beer, and chorus. In the recitative and air "Before my eyes beheld him" Madlle. Beer displayed a powerful contralto voice, and she infused some spirit into the air, in the singing of which there was also considerable judgment. Sir H. Bishop's glee, "Blow, gentle gales" was prettily sung by Mrs. Brooke, Madlle. Beer, Messrs. Perring, Tyrrell, and Delavanti, and received an encore. Mrs. Brooke and Mr. Perring gave the duet, "List, dearest, list," with precision and beauty. "The Wedding March," concluding the first part, was performed in a lively and most agreeable style. The second part commenced with a MS. overture composed by the conductor, and to the performance of which every one present seemed to listen with peculiar pleasure. We must congratulate Mr. Fawcett, jun., on this, we suppose, his first attempt at an overture, as being so successful. The overture was enthusiastically encored. The ballad, "Thou art gone from my gaze," sung by Mrs. Brooke, was encored. The madrigal "Down in a flowery vale" elicited an encore. Mr. Delavanti sang "Old Simon the Cellarer" with clearness and in an easy, natural style, which created no small amount of amusement. The song was encored. "Now by day's retiring lamp" formed an agreeable contrast. Madlle. Beer sang "Zwey Augen," and met with an encore—an honour also accorded to Mr. Perring in "The old Soldier's Daughter." "The Red Cross Knight" concluded the vocal portion of the entertainment, as did the overture to *Zauberflöte* the instrumental. The chorus was generally good. Much praise is due to Mr. Fawcett for the skilful manner in which he conducted the concert; and amongst those deserving of favourable mention were Mr. Seymour, leader; Mr. Elwood, trumpet; Mr. Creed Royal, flute; Mr. Edwards, horn; Mr. Chisholm, bassoon; and Mr. Jennings, hautboy. The Bolton Harmonic Society had given two concerts previously to the one above noticed, viz: *Elijah* and *The Creation*, both with 120 performers, with the principals from London, and both conducted by Mr. John Fawcett, Jun.

**JULLIEN AT PLYMOUTH.**—(From a Correspondent.)—The renowned and universally popular composer, arrived with his band on Monday, the 2nd Instant, and gave two Concerts, one on that day, and another on the following. On each occasion one rush filled the untaken seats of the theatre, and by the time M. Jullien himself made his appearance, the stage (which was converted into a promenade, elegantly decorated with draperies of coloured muslin), presented one moving mass of heads. The dress boxes were filled with the authorities and *élite* of the neighbourhood. The programme was unusually attractive, combining the names of Sivori, Bottesini, and last, not least, a young lady new to us in the provinces, Miss Cicely Nott. To particularise any part of the Concert would be useless in your pages, where M. Jullien has

been noticed so frequently throughout his tour by your able critics in the provinces; but I cannot help remarking a duet by Bottesini and Sivori, "La Fete des Bohémiens," which created the greatest sensation amongst the musical amateurs, and was warmly encored. Also the singing of Miss Cicely Nott, who has a charming soprano voice, and wonderful execution, was received with immense favour. The fair artiste sang "Care compagne," from the *Son-nambula*, and "The echo of Lucerne," by Jullien. She was greatly applauded throughout, and warmly encored in the last piece. No small praise is due to the liberal Director, Mr. Newcombe, who decorated the theatre in a manner worthy of the artistes who played in it.

MR. DOUGLASS STEWART, who has been frequently noticed by our provincial correspondents is, it is said, likely to take the lead in one of our principal metropolitan theatres.

**BATH.**—It was a compliment to the Misses Collins, that in spite of the rainy day, the Pump Room was attended, on the occasion of their re-engagement on Jan. 31st, by a large audience. The stimulus of a flattering reception had not been lost upon the young ladies; they sang and played with energy, taste, and skill. Miss Rosina delighted the company by her execution of a fantasia for the violin, by *Vieuxtemps*. The elder sister of the trio, in addition to a cultivated soprano voice, possesses great ability as a pianist; while Miss Victoria, the contralto, not only renders assistance in the vocal department, but figures successfully as an instrumentalist on the violoncello. The plaudits and demands for repetition testified unmistakably the approbation of the audience, and may be accepted by the Misses Collins as earnest of a favourable reception, whenever they repeat their visit to Bath. The performances of Mr. Salmon's band must not be passed over without mention; a fantasia on well-known Welsh airs, arranged by the leader, introduced solos for several instruments, which were capitally executed; while a contrivance for imitating the splashing of water, during the performance of the "Crystal Fountain Polka," produced a good effect.—*Bath and Cheltenham Gazette*.

**LIMERICK.**—The Choral Society's first concert this season, was given at the large room of the Leamy Institute, on Thursday week, at eight o'clock. The room was crowded. The printed books of the programme informed us, that one of Hadyn's choruses from the *Seasons*, was selected as the opening. Mr. Vickers the conductor of the society, took his seat at the piano, and the performers rendered the chorus in a pleasing and artistic manner; a quartet of Otto's followed. "Hail, blest day," a quartet from the *Castle of Aymon*, was rendered in a spirit-stirring style. The trio and chorus from the *Seasons* were then sung. A duet from the pen of Mendelssohn was sung by a fair soprano and basso. It is one of the best of his two first songs. The programme informed us that the chorus of prisoners from *Fidelio* was to follow. The chorus is sung by the prisoners (tenors and basses), and is known and appreciated by all musicians. We will not say it could not have been better sung. A soprano solo and chorus of "Kucken" was sung admirably. The first part of the concert ended with a trio and chorus from the *Seasons*. "Hail, golden peace," of Weber, was executed in a very fair manner. The quartet which followed, from *Euryanthe*, by the same author, was loudly encored. The gentlemen who sang the first tenor, and first bass, gave feeling to the strains. The chief soprano then sang the celebrated solo, "Nel Silenzio," from *Lucia*. It was given in a round and careful manner. Some airs from *Puritani* were next played as a duet for violin and piano. The airs we liked best were the "A te o cara," and the well-known "Soni la tromba." The audience were much pleased with these. The celebrated Echo chorus of the Berlin choir was then given, but the badness of the room for the transmission of sound was painfully apparent. A madrigal of Macfarren's,

"Maidens, would ye scape undoing,  
Never, never go a-wooing,"

was sung with spirit, but the music was more liked by the fair part of the audience than the advice. "Come forward with pleasure," was then given by soprano and chorus, and the "Hail" chorus from *Fidelio* concluded the programme and the concert.

## Miscellaneous.

MISS JULIA BLEADEN'S CONCERT, LONDON TAVERN.—On Thursday evening, the 5th ult., a numerous and fashionable audience were attracted by the alluring programme issued by the *beneficiaire*. The principal artists were the Misses Pyne, Miss Poole, Miss Ward, (pianiste), Mr. Richardson, (the flautiste), Mr. Swift, Mr. Payne, (the tenor singer), Mr. G. Perren, Mr. F. Osborne Williams, the pianiste, and Miss Julia Bleadon. This lady possesses a clear and flexible soprano voice of great promise. She was unanimously encored in Lee's song of "Listen, 'tis the Nightingale," accompanied on the Concertina by Master Warde. Miss Bleadon also sang, "Oh luce di quest'anima," from "Linda," and Glover's "Fairy dance." Mr. F. Osborne Williams was much applauded for his spirited performance of Schulhoff's "Fantasia on Bohemian Airs," of which he acquitted himself with both expression and brilliancy. Miss Pyne, Mr. Richardson (whose masterly rendering of Druet's "Rule Britannia," was uproariously encored), and Mr. Swift, were also most successful in their performances. Mr. F. Osborne Williams officiated as sole conductor throughout the evening, Mr. Howard Glover, his co-adjutor, being unable to attend.

MR. AGUILAR'S SOIREE.—This classical and interesting series of pianoforte performances, consisting exclusively of the works of Beethoven, has been brought to a close with entire success. The sonatas at the last meeting were—Op. 22 (in B flat—solo), Op. 5 (No. 1—for piano and violoncello), Op. 90 (in E minor—solo), and Op. 79 (in G—solo), all of them the more welcome from being so rarely heard in public. Mr. Aguilar executed them with the taste and judgment of an accomplished musician, and his efforts were rewarded by the hearty applause of an audience that crowded the New Beethoven Rooms to overflowing. Some vocal pieces by Spohr, Sterndale Bennett, and Mendelssohn agreeably varied the programme.

MR. HANDEL GEAR'S SOIREE MUSICALES.—The first of these entertainments for the year current was given on Tuesday last, at Mr. Handel Gear's residence, 17, Saville-row, Regent-street. The attendance was numerous, but comprised so large a majority of the fair sex as to throw a coldness on all the performances, there being but few pairs of stout hands to get up an outward and visible sensation. There was one endeavour at an encore, which was persevered in, calmly, of course, but persistently, and was finally successful. Miss Dolby had to repeat George Linley's ballad, "Ida," which was perfectly suited to the temperature of the room, and to the mild taste, suave style, and gentle expression of the fair artist. No singing could be more beautiful. The concert opened with the *Andante*, *Scherzo*, and *Finale* from Mendelssohn's second trio for piano-forte, violin, and violoncello, very finely played by Arabella Goddard, Herr A. Pollitzer, and Herr H. Lutgen. The fair young pianist delighted us vastly with the classical tone and feeling she assumed in the performance of this grand composition, so different from what she has been lately playing in public. We were surprised and gratified to find that Miss Arabella Goddard was as perfect mistress of the severe as of the brilliant school of pianoforte playing. Herr Pollitzer is a good, careful fiddle, and Herr Lutgen a fine and capable violoncellist. Horsley's glee, "See the Chariot at Hand," was excellently rendered by Master Staines, and the Messrs. J. Foster, Handel Gear, and G. Stretton. Mr. G. Perren and Miss Birch followed in two Italian cavatinas, when Mr. Handel Gear and Mr. G. Stretton appeared in a duet by Mercadante; Miss Dolby succeeded in "Ah! rendemi;" after which Signor and Madame Ferrari co-operated in a duo by Verdi; whereupon Mr. Frank Bodda exercised his vocal and mimetic powers, both soundly too, in the barcarolla, "Sulla popho del mia Brick;" and the first part terminated with Biletta's quartet "I Poveretti," rendered by Miss Birch, Miss Dolby, Mr. Handel Gear, and Mr. F. Bodda. In the second part were given a trio by J. Henry Griesbach, sung by Madame Ferrari, Mr. Handel Gear, and Signor Ferrari; the before-named ballad, "Ida," by Miss Dolby, together with two *lieder* by the same artist, from the poets Redwitz and Uhland, composed by S. W. Waley; Thalberg's grand Fantasia, "Mosé in Egitto," wonderfully executed by Arabella Goddard; Mendelssohn's "Greeting," duet, sung by Miss and Miss Amy Dolby; "The Wanderer," by Mr. G. Stretton;

Handel Gear's ballad (by desire), rendered by the composer, like a musician and a vocalist of high pretension; and to conclude, Donizetti's quartet "Chi mi frena," interpreted by Madame Ferrari, Mr. Handel Gear, Signor Ferrari, and Mr. G. Stretton. The conductors were Signor Biletta, Mr. Handel Gear, and Mr. J. Henry Griesbach. The next *soiree*, we perceive, is announced to take place on Tuesday, the 24th instant.

MRS. GIBBS' LECTURE ON SACRED MUSIC.—The above lady, long so favourably known as a vocalist of the highest order, gave an interesting lecture on Sacred Music on Monday Evening last, at the New Beethoven Rooms, which was fully and fashionably attended. The plan this lady adopted in her lecture, was partly literary, partly critical, and partly musical, conveying useful information connected with the art, and the selected compositions exciting enquiry and aiding scientific acquirement. The design of the lecture is very happily conceived, while the vocal illustrations from the works of Handel, Haydn, Mendelssohn, Mehul, Pergolesi, and modern composers, were given by Mrs. Gibbs in a style strongly to be recommended to the exponents of Sacred Music of the present day. The lecture was most attentively listened to by the audience, while the applause elicited after each song proved they were not insensible to the pure and expressive style of singing of this eminent vocalist.

M. ALEXANDRE BILLET'S CONCERTS.—On Tuesday night, M. Alexandre Billet re-commenced his performances of classical pianoforte music at St. Martin's Hall. The scheme of this first series of "readings" differs in no respect from those which have so frequently preceded it. We know of no musical entertainments possessing greater interest than those of M. Billet. He has resuscitated many features of pianoforte composition, with which a select few of the musical public yearned to be made acquainted, and the success that has attended his expositions of the various schools which have flourished since the days of Bach, is an interesting sign of the times as regards the progress and extension of a healthy musical taste. M. Billet enjoys all the advantages of acquirement and intellect necessary to give character and importance to illustrations of this nature. His style is remarkable for its purity, while his touch is sound, close, clear, and decisive. His Concert of Tuesday night was well attended, several musicians of eminence being among the auditory. The programme was varied and instructive. Weber's grand sonata in C major; the second book of Mendelssohn's "Temperaments;" and Dussek's Elegy on the Death of Prince Ferdinand, comprised the first part. These works were performed by M. Billet in his masterly manner, and the last movement of the "Temperaments," a *prestissimo* in the syncopated style, was unanimously encored. The second part included Hummel's bravura fantasia in E flat; Steibelt's "Pastorale;" a Toccata by Kalkbrenner; and the Scherzo of Chopin in B minor; thus giving the performer an opportunity to display his perfect acquaintance with the most opposite styles and schools. Though, as an intellectual treat, the first part was far superior to the second, the latter brought out those qualities of force and mechanism that enabled M. Billet to execute, with ease and effect, the most elaborate difficulties of modern invention. These concerts in a word, are worthy of encouragement, since the aim of their projector is purely artistic.—*Morning Herald*.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.—Two orders recently issued by Her Majesty in council, directing that French authors shall have the privilege of copyright within Her Majesty's dominions, and reducing the duties on books, prints, and drawings, published within the dominions of France, have been furnished to the Customs' officers, at the several ports throughout the kingdom for their information and government.

PANORAMA OF THE ARCTIC REGIONS.—The Linwood Gallery Leicester Square—the scene of such a variety of exhibitions—is now open for the display of a grand moving panorama, illustrative of the expeditions in search of Sir John Franklin. The various scenes are well delineated, and the phenomena of the Polar Regions are both interesting and instructive. The concluding portion represents the late expedition on the Enterprise and Investigator, and the *ensemble* is worthy of a visit, as affording the spectator much information concerning the intrepid and unfortunate Franklin. The whole is well described in a lecture by Mr. Adams,

and appropriate music is introduced to heighten the effect. Added to the above, a moving diaphorama is also on view, representing, in six tableaux, Lisbon and the great earthquake, and a comic panorama is in preparation, to be entitled "The Overland Mail to the Great Exhibition."

**HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS.**—The Second Annual Entertainment of the Milliners' and Dressmakers' Provident and Benevolent Institution, took place on Wednesday evening, under the especial patronage of Her Grace the Duchess of Sutherland. The following were the artists, all of whom tendered their services gratuitously—Vocalists,—Miss Dolby, Miss Alleyne, Miss Messent, Miss Ransford, Miss Eyles, Miss Birch, Miss E. Birch, Mr. Wrighton, Mr. Swift, Mr. Frank Bodda; Instrumentalists—Mr. Case (Concertina), and the Misses Kate Loder and Arabella Goddard (Pianoforte). The programme was long and varied. Particulars need not be specified. Among the most interesting features the following may be mentioned: Osborne's duet for two piano-fortes, on airs from the *Huguenots*, was played by Kate Loder and Arabella Goddard with electrical effect; we have rarely heard such genuine, enthusiastic, and unanimous applause at any concert. The fair artistes were hardly permitted to finish the duet, the cheering grew so vociferous, and they had to return before they descended the steps of the platform, and repeat their performance, and again receive loud and continuous cheering from all parts of the house. Arabella Goddard also played, in her own brilliant and magnificent style, Thalberg's *Masaniello* Fantasia, and was applauded to the skies. Next to the above we preferred Miss Alleyne's "Bid Me Discourse," which delighted and satisfied us as much as on the first occasion, when we heard it at the London Thursday Concerts. It was most sweetly given, with that freshness of voice, that pure simplicity of style, expressive manner, and faultless pronunciation, which we alluded to in our former notice. Miss Alleyne was applauded most vigorously, but did not accept the encore which was unmistakably offered to her. Miss Alleyne is a young lady of great timidity and modesty, but, however graceful and commendable these qualities may be, they will always prove, to a certain extent, a stumbling-block to the advancement of the artist. No singer can use her power to full advantage without the most perfect confidence and self-possession; and this, certainly, Miss Alleyne cannot lay claim to at present. When she can, we prophecy for her the very highest standing in the concert-room. Mr. Frank Bodda was encored, and deservedly, in "Largo al Facotum," as was also Miss Messent, in the Scotch song, "What's a' the Steer, Skimmer;" and Mr. Wrighton, in a new ballad, composed by himself, called "Sweet Home"—a very old name, by the way, for a new ballad. Perhaps not the least interesting feature of the concert were the refreshments provided in the lower rooms, which the committee presented to the members, their friends, and the "company present during the remainder of the evening." Query? Would not the money expended in wine and confections have been better bestowed for the benefit of the Milliners' and Dressmakers' Provident and Benevolent Institution? Verily, there was liberal demolishing of catés, cakes, comfits, and brown sherry, enough to have realised a respectable sum towards any poor box. Mr. Lovell Phillips conducted. The room was crowded in every part.

**MONUMENT TO WEBER.**—The committee for the erection of a monument, to the memory of the celebrated Carl Maria Von Weber, notwithstanding that the necessary funds are wanting, has been so bold, confiding in the patriotism of the Germans, as to order the execution of the statue of the great musician, by the hand of Professor Feitschel, which will afterwards be cast in bronze. Will England not join in the subscription! England, to which country Weber devoted his never forgotten "Oberon!"—*Art Journal*

**FARINELLI.**—In the year 1772, at the age of seventeen, Farinelli came from Naples to Rome with his instructor Porpora, who had been appointed as composer for the Aliberti theatre. Here Farinelli vied with a distinguished trumpeter every evening as long as a certain opera was repeated; this appeared in the beginning as a mere joke, till all the public took a lively interest in the contest. After they had tried the strength of their lungs in the swelling and continuance, the fullness and brilliancy of a note

in which they endeavoured to excel each other, both commenced trilling in thirds, and continued so long that they were exhausted: and the trumpeter did stop, thinking that his rival would be too tired to continue. Farinelli smiled at the idea, and went on to show that all hitherto had been a joke, commenced anew, and sang dwelling and trilling with swiftness throughout the most difficult passages, till he was silenced by the applause of the audience.

**ORCHESTRAS.**—The orchestra of the Académie Nationale de Musique, in Paris, consists of—12 first violins, 12 second violins, 8 altos, 10 violoncellos, 8 contrebassos, 3 flutes, 2 hautbois, 1 cor anglais, 2 clarinettes, 4 horns, 4 bassoons, 2 trumpets, 1 trompette à clefs, 2 cornets à pistons, 3 trombones, 1 ophicleide, 1 kettle drum, 1 large drum, 1 cymbals, 1 triangle, 2 harps and 1 organ. The orchestra at the theatre in Stuttgart, consists of—8 first violins, 8 second violins, 4 altos, 5 violoncellos, 4 contrebasses, 4 flutes, 4 hautbois, 1 cor anglais, 4 clarinettes, 2 cors de basset, 4 bassoons, 6 horns, 2 trumpets, 3 trombones, 1 ophicleide, 1 trompette à clefs, 1 harp, 1 piano, 1 large drum, 1 kettle drum, 1 cymbals, 1 triangle and one organ. The orchestra of the theatre in Darmstadt consists of 10 first violins, 10 second violins, 6 altos, 6 violoncellos, 4 contrebassos, 3 flutes, 3 hautbois, 1 cor anglais, 3 clarinettes, 2 cors de basset, 3 bassoons, 1 contrebasson, 6 horns, 2 trumpets, 1 trompette à clefs, 3 trombones, 1 ophicleide, 1 large drum, 1 cymbals, 1 kettle drum, 1 triangle, 1 tam-tam, 1 harp, 1 piano and 1 organ. The following "monster orchestra," was brought together in Vienna, in the year 1812, for the purpose of performing Handel's Oratorio of Timotheus—1 conductor, 1 reciter of the libretto, 1 assistant conductor, 1 pianist, 1 conductor of the violins, 60 first violins, 60 second violins, 37 altos, 33 violoncellos, 21 contrebassos, 12 flutes, 12 hautbois, 12 clarinettes, 12 horns, 12 bassoons, 2 contrebassos, 9 trombones, 12 trumpets, 4 kettle drums, 1 large drum.—*G. Kanster in Le Diapason.*

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# LONDON WEDNESDAY CONCERTS, EXETER HALL.

MR. STAMMERS,

Projector and Managing Director of the London Wednesday Concerts,  
begs leave to announce that his

## ANNUAL BENEFIT CONCERT

WILL BE HELD ON THE EVENING OF

**Wednesday, Feb. 18, 1852,**

And on the same evening will be published, the Prospectus of a New Series of the LONDON WEDNESDAY CONCERTS, to be held on the evenings of March 3d, 17th, and 31st; April 21st; May 5th and 19th; and June 2nd.

RE-APPEARANCE, AT THESE CONCERTS ONLY,  
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**Mr. J. BRAHAM (the Elder).**

In announcing the re-appearance of this unrivalled vocalist and remarkable man, I feel it due to him, to the public, and to myself, to make known the circumstances which have led to it.—Circumstances as honourable to him as they are grateful and complimentary to myself. In the autumn of 1849, being abroad, and concluded, through his agents in London, the terms of an agreement with me, for a series of farewell performances in the metropolis and the principal towns of the United Kingdom; in anticipation of the due fulfilment of which, large expenses were incurred. Events, however, over which Mr. Braham had no control, prevented his completing the agreement. This entailed upon me severe pecuniary loss, since I was bound to pay the preliminary expenses, and the salaries of several first-rate artists, who had been engaged to appear with him.

Finding Mr. Braham at the beginning of the present year in continued health and strength, I laid before him the circumstances of the very serious loss which I had sustained by his non-appearance in 1849—50, and represented, that although aware he had refused the continued offers of managers (upon his own terms) for his re-appearance, and although in law my claim was valueless, yet I had claims upon him as a gentleman and an artist for the accomplishment of so much of his engagement with me as I should be enabled to carry out, to which I received the following warm-hearted and characteristic reply:

30, Westbourne Terrace, Hyde Park, February 10th, 1852.

DEAR SIR,—Taking your letter and statement into consideration, I feel that you have claims upon me of no ordinary nature. I had, as you are aware, positively determined upon retiring without taking any formal leave of the public, feeling myself happy and grateful for the undeviating kindness and consideration I have ever experienced from them; But being still blessed by a gracious Providence with health and strength, I feel myself called upon by every sentiment of justice and honour, to reply in the affirmative, and in the hope of serving you, I accept your engagement for your benefit and series of concerts.

"The soldier tired of war's alarms,  
Forswears the clang of hostile arms,  
And scorns the spear and shield;  
But when he hears the trumpet sound,  
He burns with honour to be crowned,  
And dares again the field."

Trusting my services may assist you in re-establishing the London Wednesday Concerts,  
I remain, my dear Sir, yours very truly,

JOHN BRAHAM.

In conclusion, I can only express my deep-felt gratitude to this unrivalled artist, and reiterate the sentiments contained in my prospectus of the London Wednesday Concerts, season 1849 and 1850, which apply to him with tenfold force upon the present occasion.

In order to afford the public an opportunity of hearing Mr. Braham once more in each of the war schools of music for which he is celebrated, a portion of the Programme, on some evenings, will be devoted to Sacred Music, and the pieces selected by him (with one or two very popular exceptions), will not be again performed.

JOSEPH STAMMERS.

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Miss G. MESSENT, Miss STABBACH, Miss E. LONDON,  
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Miss ALLEYNE,

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Mr. BRANDT, Mr. SWIFT, Mr. LEFFLER.

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## SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.

CONDUCTOR, MR. COSTA.—MONDAY, 23rd FEBRUARY,  
Handel's SAMSON. Vocalists—Mrs. Enderjohn, Miss Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. T. Williams, Mr. Lawler, and Mr. West. The orchestra, the most extensive in Exeter Hall, will consist of (including 16 double basses) nearly 700 performers. Tickets, 3s.; Reserved, 5s.; Central Area, numbered seats, 10s. 6d. each; at the Society's office, 6, in Exeter Hall.

## LONDON SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.

ON FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 27th, 1852, Handel's SAMSON.  
Being the Centenary performance of this Oratorio. Vocalists—Miss Birch, Miss Dolby, Mr. Lockey, Mr. Lawler, and Mr. H. Phillips. The Band and Chorus will consist of 800 performers. Conductor—Mr. Surman (Founder of the Exeter Hall Oratorios. The Subscription to the Society is—£1 1s. per annum, or for Reserved Seats, £2 2s. Subscribers join ng previous to the performance of Samson will be entitled to Four Tickets, or dating the Subscription from the commencement of the season, Six Tickets. Reserved-seat Subscribers are presented annually by the Conductor with a splendid copy of an Oratorio or the London Psalmist. Only Office of the Society, 9, Exeter Hall.

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SECOND SOIREE OF CHAMBER MUSIC will take place at  
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Southwick-place, Hyde Park.

## QUARTETT ASSOCIATION,

UNDER the immediate Patronage of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, and His Royal Highness the Prince Albert. MM.'s. Sainton, Cooper, Hill, and Platti beg most respectfully to inform the musical public that they will give a SERIES OF SIX MATINEES during the months of April, May, June, and July, commencing on WEDNESDAY, the 28th of APRIL, at WILLIS'S ROOMS, St. James's. A Pianiste of the first eminence will be engaged for each performance. They are most happy to announce that Mr. G. Macfarren has undertaken the literary part of the programme. Subscription for the Series, £1 11s. 6d.; Single Tickets, 10s. 6d. Further particulars will be duly announced.

BEETHOVEN ROOMS, 27, QUEEN ANN STREET.

## QUARTETT AND PIANOFORTE SOIREEES.

MR. NEATE has the honor to announce that he will give SIX  
SOIREEES, at the above Rooms, on alternate Wednesdays, viz.:—February 19,  
March 3rd, 17th, and 31st, April 14 and 28. The Quartetts on each evening will  
comprise one of each of the three great authors, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven;  
and will be executed by Messrs. Sainton, Cooper, Hill, and Platti. Mr. Neate  
proposes to perform on each evening a concerted Pianoforte Piece, and a Solos  
selected from the best Classical Authors. To commence at Eight o'clock. Term,  
for the Series, £1 10s.; Terms for Three Soirees, £1 1s.; Terms for a Single Soiree,  
10s. 6d. Applications for Subscriptions may be made at Mr. Neate's Residence, 2,  
Chapel-street, Portland-place, and at the principal Music Shops.

## BEETHOVEN QUARTETT SOCIETY.

MR. SCIPION ROUSSELOT has the honour to announce that  
its SIX PERFORMANCES will be resumed on the alternate Wednesdays  
from March the 24th, and that in order to prevent the confusion which occurred from  
the crowded state of the rooms at the last concert of last season, the Subscribers  
will have reserved places. Parties wishing to have the front seats are requested to  
make early application. Admission, transferable, Two Guineas; Professional Sub-  
scription, not transferable, One Guinea. To be had of Messrs. Rousselet and Co.,  
66, Conduit-street, Regent-street.

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RESPECTFULLY announces that the SECOND and THIRD  
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PIANOFORTE MUSIC will take place at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS on  
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Studley Villas, Studley Road, Clapham Road, in the parish of Lambeth, at the  
office of MYERS & Co., 22, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, in the parish of St.  
Paul, where all communications for the Editor are to be addressed, post paid.  
To be had of G. Parkes, Dean Street, Soho; Allen, Warwick Lane; Vickers,  
Holywell Street, and at all Booksellers.—Saturday, February 14, 1852.